# THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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## THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be fair and warmer; southerly winds.

Speaker Reed hasn't made a single joke on the sound money question. He is too busily thinking.

It is quite plain that Mr. Platt's Greater New York plans will not be permitted to do their teething in the City Hall.

The only substantial victories scored by the Spanish have been accomplished with the aid of the United States Treasury officials.

What does the Central Labor Union mean by threatening to protest against a bill for coast defences? Does it know that such action would be unpatriotic?

When Li Hung Chang comes to New York he will feel quite at home if he will but drop into Mulberry street and witness the Chinese methods which obtain in police circles.

The manner in which she is being advertised leads to the suspicion that Johanna contemplates a stage career. However, she has spared the public the old diamond-losing trick.

Senator Elkins may be too old a bird to be caught by the "favorite son" chaff, but it will be observed that he is not dodging all of the Presidential mentions which come his way.

Mr. Quay has been very successful in his Florida delegate fishing. The Pennsylvania candidate's long experience has made him an excellent judge of the bait to use on such expeditions.

Mr. H. M. Stanley says that England will retire from Egypt as soon as her work there is completed. It looks now as if she might have to go soon, without reference to the finishing of her plans.

The managers of the surface railroads in this city complain of the three-cent movement. They claim that they could not operate the roads successfully if the fares were reduced. Perhaps they could not, and at the same time pay dividends on watered stock based on exaggerated values.

Ex-President Harrison may not be an active candidate, but his friends will be on hand at St. Louis in sufficient numbers to square accounts with those of the candidates who tried to bring about his defeat at Minneapolis. Forgetting and forgiving is not a Harrison specialty.

### PUBLISHER AND POET.

Robert Buchanan, the London poet, announces that he will publish a poem, accompanied by a pamphlet, explaining why the poet has become a publisher, also. He declares that hereafter he will issue all his works direct to the booksellers. He argues that the ordinary publisher is "a barnacle at the bottom of the ship of literature which yet presumes to criticise the quality of the cargo in the hold."

This recalls the famous old print representing the publisher as a sleek, fat, happy, prosperous, not to say insolent man, in comparison with the lean, poor, hungry and humble poet. That is the prevailing conception among the poets of the relative conditions of the two men. The genius is the slave; the moneybags is master.

Granting the plea of the poet, and of the author, too, that he is often unappreciated; that now and again he is practically robbed of the creature of his brain, the result of his labors and privations, there is still something to be said in favor of the publisher. He has toiled, too. He has exercised care, economy, ability and frequently undergone greater privations than the poor poet has suffered in order to establish a business which can assume the risk of publishing mediocre poems, so as to insure profitable sales.

A work of genius, something timely and excellent, sells itself. But the business of a publisher necessitates risks. The works which come to him are not always salable. Few of them would sell at all without his skill and money to market them. These two requisites of the publisher, added to the establishment he has founded in which the expenses are shared by many works, some profitable, many unprofitable, and the connections which he maintains with dealers, often enable him to make profitable use of a poem or a book which otherwise would have been a disastrous burden to the poet and his friends.

Granting even that the publisher is not the best judge of the beauty and soul of a poem, that he has no conception of rhyme or rhythm, still he is of necessity the man who must decide for himself how and when to expend the necessary time and money to print, bind and publish a new writing by an unknown author.

Those publishers who have combined business tact with literary judgment are the ideals of their class. They have been able to use the works of genius to the mutual advantage of the antagonistic interests, so that, in many instances, the old print mentioned above is a libel, for both the publisher and the poet become fat and sleek by a combination of their respective qualities in a friendly and profitable harmony of interests.

Senator Pavey never said a truer thing than when he remarked that all "bi-partisan" legislation, to be operative, required a deal between the two machines. He indicated the beginning of the revolt which is now so manifest in the Senate.

### THE VOICE FROM MONTANA.

A difference of opinion as to what was meant by the financial declaration in the Minneapolis platform has provoked a great deal of temper in the Senate, and placed Senator Carter in the attitude of revolt. Different ways of interpreting important texts have many times in history caused great religious and political schisms, and they are likely to do so often again. The striking feature of the outcome of the recent debate is Senator Carter's robust determination not to be read out of his party. As Chairman of its National Committee, he is a prominent figure, and he affirms that he will never desert the ship. Let his accusers depart if they do not like his company. Thus says Carter, with the St. Louis Convention not far away, and the political chiefs clamoring for harmony and union.

The helplessness of the attempt to pass a revenue bill as an emergency measure was apparent from the first. It is, therefore, remarkable that so much temper should have been shown when Senators Teller and Carter finally blocked the measure which the Administration does not want, and of which it disapproved. The anger of some of the Senators is dictated by the fear that this same opposition may come up again when the Republicans have resolved on action and begin to push for the re-enactment of a high tariff.

The proceedings of the convention at St. Louis are likely to be complicated by a discussion as to what the party really meant at Minneapolis. Much time will be consumed by the doctrinaires, and the nation will have need of abundant patience. Bi-metallism, free silver and the gold standard will be discussed from every point of view. The Republican party is in a grave position—it is troubled with internal dissensions as to what its financial doctrine really is. The choice of a candidate by the party is rendered exceptionally difficult by the events of Wednesday. The Napoleon of protection will probably find his path much thornier after this little episode.

Will he be tempted to a declaration on the money question?

Senator Carter will not allow the Republican leaders to walk away from him on the gold issue. He would feel too lonesome.

### HOPE FOR CUBA.

Spain pushes forward her dastardly policy of supreme cruelty in Cuba. General Weyler has just informed the insurgent patriots in certain provinces that after fifteen days, if they have not surrendered, they will be treated as banditti. By this he means to menace them with extermination if they do not recognize the hated flag of Spain. Meantime the House of Representatives at Washington has adopted a concurrent resolution declaring it to be the sense of Congress that a state of war exists in Cuba; that the insurgents should be accorded the rights of belligerents, and that this Government should use its influence if possible to stop the war.

Is it possible that Spain could not foresee the certain outcome of a barbarous policy? Could she not understand that the protests and pleas for mercy for Cuba which have emanated from this country during the last year were made in earnest? If she has been blind, her eyes will shortly be opened. And the first thing that she is likely to see is the independence of Cuba.

Senator Teller seemed to get a good deal of consolation from dealing some resounding blows on Senator Sherman's head in the great debate on Wednesday.

### REVOLT IS BEGINNING.

The action of a few Senators at Albany who prefer to work for the interests of their constituents rather than for those of a Boss who turns out to be not "easy," but exceptionally hard, is rightly accepted as a symptom of the beginning of a general revolt. The party lash was cracked in vain on Wednesday; Mr. Platt's instructions per telephone were simply disregarded; the men who preferred to remain untrammeled declined to go into a caucus where they would find themselves pledged to the unqualified support of the Raines bill. When they did meet in a "conference," which left them free to call their souls their own, they handled the robber bill without gloves. They begin to understand that it is exceedingly dangerous for bosses to defy public opinion.

The Brooklyn press intimates that Mr. Platt will need to have an army subject to his orders if he means to carry out his elaborate plan of ten years of unrestricted "pickings" in the field of State patronage. They are very angry over in Brooklyn, and must not be held responsible for exaggerations. But it would be foolish in the Boss and his satellites not to accept as signs of insubordination these outspoken menaces. The attempt of the great manipulator of the majority to make himself an absolute monarch, with patronage enough in his possession to corrupt a dozen Legislatures, is threatened with failure.

The minority has done good work, under great difficulties, for bringing about a little sense of shame in the dominant party. The Raines robbery may be consummated, but the scheme of government without representation on which Mr. Platt had set his heart trembles on the perilous edge of defeat.

Mr. Platt will perhaps take that bad fall as an omen of approaching illluck.

### TO PROMOTE MANUFACTURES.

The movement for the creation of a new Cabinet officer to supervise a department specially devoted to the interests of our manufactures, is a wise one and evidently destined to complete success. It is at once a sign and a necessity of the times. It shows that the nation is gradually coming to understand that something analogous to the British Board of Trade is necessary to the better pushing of our manufactures. The expansion of our trade will often profit by Government direction. The growth of the merchant marine and of the defensive navy should proceed harmoniously side by side, and this they cannot do unless the former, like the latter, has an officer particularly devoted to its welfare.

It was at first proposed to make this Department of Manufactures an adjunct to that of Agriculture. But a careful review of statistics showed that the total value of our manufactured products in any good year is about three times as great as that of products from the farms. In 1890, for instance, manufactures footed up $9,370,107,624; agricultural products, $3,800,000,000. One of the advantages of the new department proposed would be to demonstrate to the United States that they lead the world in manufactures. In a single decade the increase in capital invested in manufacturing has exceeded by a billion dollars the total capital so invested at the beginning of that period. That capital rose from $2,700,000,000 in 1880 to $6,500,000,000 in 1890, and is now ten times as great as the aggregate capital of all the national banks of the country.

Agriculture can show no such tremendous development as this. The idea of the new department has always received liberal support from prominent members of Congress. It ought to be recommended in the platforms of both political parties at the coming conventions. All are interested in the expansion of our trade.

Morrison, with bi-metallism in his gripsack, thinks of starting for Chicago as a "favorite son."

### WOMAN AND THE SCHOOLS.

It was to be expected that woman would signalize her entrance into public affairs by an immediate alliance with the best interests of education. And so far she has more than fulfilled the hopes of her most ardent advocates. She has ranged herself, in this fight against an effete and pernicious school system in New York, unreservedly on the side of reform and progress. Mesdames Van Rensselaer, Rainsford and Hewett have spoken with a bravery and an utter disregard of the vested interests of the office-holders, that have not characterized the men.

It has been found impossible to buy, cajole or frighten them. They have shown neither the sentimentality nor the sordidness which it was predicted women would exhibit even more flagrantly than men. They have brought to the rescue of the people's interests a high-minded public spirit and an unswerving conviction that are refreshing to the moral sense of the community. They pointed out in Albany what the iniquities of the present school system are, without fear or favor, being neither overawed by power nor swerved by influence.

It is well to put this on record, because behind our school question is that greater question of the advantages of woman's presence in the large civic concerns of life, and here is a gratifying instance both of her moral stamina and her ability.

It is just possible that in the future conflicts with political selfishness we shall get our new strength from the matrons of the land. Certainly, we hav so far not lost anything.

Senator Tillman's pitchfork is scarcely strong enough to throw out Wall Street, even if a giant were using it.

To judge by the extraordinary rate at which the railroads are ordering new rolling stock, the business "boom" is not far ahead.

The State Comptroller says that McKinley will be second choice in Western New York, and that Morton can count upon the Republicans there. But Governor Morton isn't so sure of that.

Some angry Republicans say that Senator Carter, of Montana, should no longer be National Chairman. But others say that he is less dangerous where he is than if driven out.

## Dr. Thomas Dunn English and Poe's "Raven."

It was no great number of months ago when I had the pleasure of a chat with Dr. Thomas Dunn English, for a long time representative of the Newark (N. J.) District in Congress. Dr. English is one of the last strong figures of a literary past, which reaches backward in its morning to include such names as Fenimore Cooper, N. P. Willis and Washington Irving. Dr. English, of all he has written, regrets nothing but "Ben Bolt," which he composed without money and without price at the request of N. P. Willis, when the latter became editor of the New York Mirror.

While talking with Dr. English I was told much that was new and interesting. The conversation fell on Edgar Allen Poe, whom Dr. English knew closely and well.

At one time Dr. English and Poe were warm friends; as much friends, at least, as was possible with one of Poe's erratic and shallow nature. Poe was not to blame for his makeup, which was, however, a peculiar one. All sense of moral obligation was left out of Poe. He might borrow your watch in the blandest way, and when you got it again you would receive it from the pawnbroker, where Poe had gotten all he could on it. Nor did this abash him. He was as freely in your presence afterward, never offering to repay your loss or explain the phenomenon of his pawning your watch. He appeared to regard and relish it as the most natural good and proper thing to do.

You could always tell when Poe had been drinking by his slouchy, unkempt dress. When sober Poe was a vast fop, a great dandy. He was a lion among women, and they saw a great deal in his dark, melancholy, sensitive, but exceedingly weak face, which was veiled to men. Indeed, it was from women whom Poe as a rule did his borrowing, and it was their jewelry which he regularly pawned. Poe was born in Boston, but preferred to have it believed that his native place was Baltimore. He never failed to refer slightingly to the Yankees and their literature.

After Poe had attained a good deal of fame he was asked to attend a dinner in Boston and read a poem written for the occasion. He spoke to Dr. English about it at the last moment.

"I don't know whether to go or no," he said.

"What's the matter?" Dr. English asked.

"I've not written any poem," Poe replied.

At this Dr. English suggested that he'd better say he was sick. This he might fairly do, as he'd just been rescued from one of his sprees.

"But," said Poe at the suggestion that he stay away from the dinner, "I can't remain away. I must go, you see, because they are going to give me $100."

Poe went and read a poem which he'd written when he was a boy, and which had never been regarded as worth publishing. It was a weak, puerile thing. But Poe read it, having collected first his $100. Some one of the company ventured to say that it was far below Poe's other poems then published. Poe arose at this and told the party that he had written the poem they had heard when he was fourteen years old, and read it to them to try the accuracy of their taste and poetic knowledge. He got very little fame out of this scrape and was roasted and scorched in the papers without mercy. I only tell it as showing the shallow vanity and lack of honest worth in Poe's nature.

I asked Dr. English his opinion of Poe's "Raven."

"What do I think of Poe's 'Raven?' It is more wonderful as verse than as poetry. At the time it was written many thought it was the work of Hurst, a clever Irishman, who, while not much of a poet, was the most finished versifier of the day. But Poe wrote it, and Hurst didn't. The idea of the Raven and its climbing and perching was obtained from one of the conversations in Kit North's 'Noctes Ambrosiana.' The style of the verse itself was gained from Mrs. Browning's poem, 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship.' Oh, no! there was no intended plagiarism in it. Poe got $30 for 'The Raven,' and $5 a verse for 'The Bells,' which was written and published one verse at a time. No; they didn't pay much to your poets. They paid more for prose. Graham, who founded Graham's Magazine, once paid Fenimore Cooper $1,000 for a short story called 'The Lost Handkerchief.'"

"How did 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship' run?" I asked, as the Doctor paused. I'd never heard of it being Poe's model for "The Raven," and was anxious to make a comparison.

"It canters like this," replied the Doctor, "and would scarcely fail to remind you of Poe's masterpiece, which was written afterward:

Soh! how still the lady standeth! 'Tis a dream,
a dream of mercies!
'Twixt the purple lattice curtains how she
standeth, still and pale!
'Tis a vision, sure of mercies, sent to soften his
self curses,
Sent to sweep a patient quiet o'er the tossing
of his wail.
"Eyes," he said, "now throbbing through me!
Parian statue stone;
Underneath that calm white forehead are ye
ever burning torrid
O'er the desolate sand desert of my heart and
life undone?"
With murmurous stir uncertain, in the air the
purple curtain
Swelleth in and swelleth out, around her motionless pale brows,
While the gliding of the river sends a rippling
noise forever
Through the opening casement whitened by the
moonlight's slant repose.

Dr. English thrashed the author of "The Raven" on one tumultuous occasion. He doesn't like to have the affair referred to, but it ought to be told, nevertheless.

Poe, who, as I stated, was in the sadly too frequent habit, had pawned certain jewels he had borrowed from a lady. She complained. Poe made some remark about her which reached the ears of her brother, who soon came after Poe with a crab-tree cane. Poe walked into Dr. English's office, where he was writing, and asked for a pistol, saying that the brother in question was looking for him with a cane intending to beat him. Bob Tyler, brother of President Tyler, was sitting with Dr. English at the time. The Doctor expressed a sincere hope that the brother might find Poe and flail him to death. This opened up the avenue of a discussion between Poe and Dr. English, to which the Doctor gave a climax by whipping Poe. The poet needed it.

A. H. L.

### That Yellow Jacket.

[Philadelphia Times.]

When Li Hung Chang visits us he might bring his famous yellow jacket as a unique specimen of China wear.

### The Morton Joke.

[Chicago Dispatch.]

The persistence of the Morton boom proves that some persons can't tell a good joke when they see it.

## Sunday Journal Subjects for Rivals to Steal.

Here we are again, with our usual Friday morning list of suggestions from which belated opposition may steal a few ideas wherewith to relieve the otherwise doughy character of those failures of journalism which they term their Sunday issues.

To those hen hawks of Sunday newspaperdom who are waiting to swoop down on something which will be dealt with in next Sunday's Journal, too much emphasis cannot be laid on the interest which publicly attaches to the punching out of championship and time of Peter Maher by Fitzsimmons. The Journal will contain next Sunday a detailed as well as a scientific setting forth of just what happened to Peter Maher when his light went out. What Fitzsimmons said, thought and planned before, after and at the time of biting Peter in the jaw, and how and why he came to do the deed at all will be fully gone into.

A transom-working hall thief opposition cannot be exhorted to too much zeal and haste in grabbing this. The time is short at least wherein to fake and furbish up their stuff and make those very bad pictures wherewith they weekly appal their readers.

Fights are ever popular. It is instinct with our race to like a battle. More people, whether priest or pirate, will pause to witness a fight than would come to hear Ole Bull play a fiddle or a Patti sing. Saxon men can't help this; it's natural; Heaven made them with a liking for a struggle and an admiration for a victory. These sage observations are ladled in at this crisis to impress on marauders the need of stealing this Fitzsimmons-Maher topic and exploiting it as doughtily as they may.

Poor dead Bill Nye! The greatest humorist since the side-splitting days of Artemus Ward! Sunday's Journal will carry the very last of the dead humorist's contributions to current fun.

It is fortunate for men that the yellow-haired and blue-eyed race—our race—ferocious and predatory as it is naturally, is after all a battle-axe brood. It never poisons and has but little native trick of stealth. It is among a weaker folk, the Hindoos, for sample, or in Italy during the decline, that one finds the Borgias.

Yet, while the Saxon never poisons and usually goes about his killings with a club in one hand and a bugle in the other, it is interesting all the more to read and know of those fatal mixtures, a drop of any one of which snuffs out life like a candle.

Next Sunday's Journal will carry a strong article on poisons and their antidotes; and while printing the cruelty and assassin-like malevolence of the one, will set forth the kindly counter potion which saves life from a poison which is over-creeping it.

In the hurry of a writing moment no suggestion can be made as to how a conscienceless rivalry can steal this. But it no doubt will, for larceny is as prone as love to find a way.

And now will be taken up the loves and the letters of love of a society girl. What can be more tenderly thrilling than the written, private examination of a young heart loaded with love?

Read the love letters of a Society Belle in next Sunday's Journal. The lady in the case is older now; looks with a stern contempt on that unpledged hour in which she gave these tender fulminations to the mails, and is willing, nay, eager, that they be printed, somewhat as a warning, one supposes, of a keep-off-the-grass sort, to other buds who may be tempted to take affectionate pens in hand. Read them. They will illuminate and enlighten your natures like a postal aurora borealis.

It is sad to think that these love letters will refy the pilferish efforts of long fingered and ruthless opponents, and that they will be only laid before the public in next Sunday's issue of this paper.

Going down to the sea in ships has ever under the broadest-beamed conditions been looked on as a ticklish piece of business. In Columbus's time and later, with Magellan and Captain Cook—barbecued and butchered to make a South Sea holiday—it was thought the work of heroes, this crossing the ocean. With no matter how sturdy or how stanch a craft, cross but the Atlantic and you found celebrity awaiting you, and, like Byron, when he wrote the Corsair, you "awoke to find yourself famous."

Next Sunday's Journal will tell a story of crossing the ocean at a wide, deep, stormy part, in a small rowboat, under circumstances so extraordinary as to read ly invoke the genius of a Dana or a Clarke Russell in his writing and description.

Read of this rowboat defiance of the stormiest ocean that tosses its wet arms to the seizure and the wreck of ships, in Sunday's Journal.

As the story would be rather difficult of finding even by an inveterate thief it is by no means likely the other Sunday papers will print it, and you will find this remarkable sea tale only in the Journal.

Who is more musical in the light, frothy, yet sweet school of the waltz than Edward E. Rice? Next Sunday the Journal will present to its readers free with every paper a beautiful piece of music by that celebrated composer and impresario. It will be called "Dreamland Echoes" and is better than anything similar in melody put forth by Mr. Rice.

It is well to remark that "Dreamland Echoes," which the Journal will give away, cost a mound of money, and, therefore, as no other paper is at all likely to steal a thing which would plunge it into expense—for crooked though they be, they are a frugal flock—you will only find this music with a copy of next Sunday's Journal. Get it, play it and rock your soul to sleep with it.

And now there is to be a dog cemetery. Lap dogs, when they die, are to have Christian burial.

Caesar didn't justify this longing over small, frizzled lap dogs which one beholds even unto this day in convoy of certain of our ladies. It would seem that lap poodles were rife in the Roman conqueror's time. One day he beheld a Grecian lady making a mighty and effusive fuss over a dog. She was holding it in her arms and smothering it—that's the word the novels use—in kisses. Caesar looked on disgusted. At last he said:

"Madam, are there no children in Greece?"

"Madam" took the hint and cleared out with the offensive cur, and Caesar escaped further irritation of that sort.

Modern ladies, however, are to see the Grecian matron and go her one better. They will love their dogs through life, and when they die they propose to have a cemetery to plant them sweetly in. It will be no time at all when some dirge-breathing brass band will draw you to your door; sable plumes and a sad, long cortege will meet your eye; and with a vague, half sorrow you will ask, "Who's dead?" The answer will be, "Mrs. Dusenby's dog." Rear about dogs and their coming sepulchre in Sunday's Journal.

## Loie Fuller.

Loie, with the rich French "la," is swishing her miles of drapery with an almost European zest at Koster and Bial's ultramarine tinted music hall in Thirty-fourth street. She tore herself and her yards of "gauzy, shimmering silk" away from Nice and the Riviera, we are told, leaving, of course, jagged ends in those regions. A ticket for America, and the Stars and Stripes, cried she, and away she sailed. And in Somebody's Weekly, I read that "Egypt would fain engage her talents, and grasping England turns envious eyes in our direction. As for France, she simply mourns Loie's flitting. The exact sentiments Miss Fuller aroused in the stout hearts of South Africa and Hoboken have not been recorded. After all, it matters little. Loie, with the la, is here, and she receives $643.81 per week more than Yvette Guilbert, with the privileges of a Sunday out, and the kitchen fat, so to speak.

A few years ago I saw the egg that laid the serpentine dance in Harlem. It was called "Quack, M. D." Loie was a young and budding girl in those days—perhaps I had better say a younger and a buddinger girl than she is now—and nobody thought very much of her swirls and her swishes. Egypt didn't hanker for her as a rival for the Sphinx, while as for Nice and the Riviera, they turned no envious eyes in her direction. She was ours—deliciously and unprofitably ours. She had no privileges, no Sunday out, no kitchen fat.

We have changed all that—thanks to the Sphinx and to Nice and to the Reviera. Loie with the la, is the star feature at Koster and Bial's, where—in the language of the classics, they are turning 'em away nightly. Loie with the la appears shortly after 10 o'clock, on a carefully manipulated stage, and does what she calls her dances. Dances they are not, and nobody will quarrel with me for saying so. Loie with the la makes herself a sort of meaty target, at which gorgeous, iridescent effects are hurled lavishly. These effects are intangible, multi-colored and exquisitely various. If they had weight, they would crush poor little Loie with the la beneath their tints.

Loie with the la smiles and looks agreeable while all these beautiful stars and clouds and lillies and moons and fires are flashed upon her. You might think that they really hurt her if you were not in her secret. Of course, they are perfectly harmless, and Miss Fuller moves placidly about, as though she were saying to them: "I am yours. Do with me as you will." In fact, the "dances" indulged in by Loie with the la have very little to do with the legs. Legs are very common and ordinary things, after all. They are dreadfully over-rated when you come to think of it. Bessie Clayton uses her legs. Amelia Glover uses her legs. Letty Lind uses her legs. Loie with the la has no use for such conventional affairs. Besides, it has been rumored that legs are in reality improper, which, of course, settles the question.

Miss Fuller calls her arms into service. It is these that do most of the work, causing the miles of drapery to assume odd, fantastic shapes; to effervesce, to bubble and to catch the tints thrown at them. It it were not for her incessantly active arms I seen o reason why the Sphinx itself could not indulge in "The White Dance," "The Lily of the Nile," and "The Firmament," just as ably and far more economically than Loie with the la. Then Egypt would not have to clamor for Miss Fuller's talents. All it would need would be a duplicate set of electric effects.

The little lady, however, deserves plenty of praise. I'm not attempting to belittle her, or to say that she is unworthy to receive $643.81 per week more than Yvette Guilbert. Not a bit of it. Loie with the la is a Terpsichorean Edison. She invented all this really eye-titillating business. The entire idea emanated from her own ingenious little brain, and one of these days I am going to ask for an X ray portrait of that brain. oLie with the la not merely interesting because Nice and the Riviera and Egypt and Hoboken cry for her. The fact that she has made herself famous unaided and absolutely without the assistance of the Prince of Wales is her best recommendation.

It is a delightful spectacle—that "turn" of hers at Koster & Bial's. It is far better than the immense fireworks at Manhattan Beach. It beats the siege of Vera Cruz into a cocked hat. I have never seen a better display of lights. You feel inclined to cry out, "Oh! O—h!" like the children, when the rolls of drapery change their hues and Loie is aglow from the shoes on her feet to the la on her name. The electricians who work the surprises certainly exact praise. They are a great part of the show. Without them Loie's "dance" would not amount to the proverbial row of pins. The answer to the query, "Where was Loie when the lights went out?" would be simply "Nowhere."

She is a great success at the ultramarine-tinted music hall. People go miles to see her, as they went miles to gaze upon Katisha. The jugglers and the acrobats, and the other "features of the programme," were simply out of the combat. Loie with the La is even better than living pictures, and you see far less of her than you do of those tableaux. I enjoyed her entertainment immensely. I was sorry when it was over. Gorgeous colors astonish the eyes, and somehow you see very few tints nowadays. Women are afraid of colors that talk too loudly. Many a professional heart at the violent purples, the obstreperous scarlets and the noisy blues that the electricians cast at Loie with the La, who is content to merge her identity in them. All she does is to flutter birdily, and swish spasmodically as though she were dying in a voluptuous agony of prismatic glory. It is all evolved from the resplendent pomp that tantalized us so frequently a couple of years ago.

The only blot upon my enjoyment last night was the regretful thought that while we were feasting upon Loie with the La, poor Nice and the Reviera were vegetating without her, London was straining its tired, anxious eyes in our direction, and Egypt—superb Egypt, that wont be satisfied with its Sphynx and its Pyramids—was hankering for her talents. It seemed so greedy to sit placidly in that gorgeous ultramarine tinted music hall and enjoy it all gluttonously. Still, I suppose that if Loie with the La hadn't felt that she needed those $643.81 more than Yvette Guilbert received we should not have had her in our midst. That's the most reasonable way of looking at it. Hang Nice and the Riviera! And—while we are about it—hang the Sphinx.

ALAN DALE.

### A Poor Farmer.

[Washington Post.]

In a recent speech in the Senate Mr. Allen, the Nebraska Populist, spoke of himself as a farmer. Mr. Hill yesterday took occasion to refer to his "farmer friend."

"Yes, a farmer and a Democrat," said Mr. Allen, laughingly.

"If the Senator is no better farmer than he is a Democrat," responded Mr. Hill, "then I pity the crops raised in Nebraska."

## Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

Late last Spring, just before the exodus of country-house people from the city, a friend of a certain family died, but the funeral was to take place two days after this family would be on their unavoidable journey to their Summer home. Some token of respect was to be sent, however, and it was determined that the head of the family should order a pillow of flowers on which the words "At Rest" were to be worked. The order was given, but no recognition of the gift was received.


When the family returned in the Fall one of them happened to meet a near relative of the deceased, and on inquiry was told that the "At Rest" emblem had never reached the scene of the funeral. An investigation was at once set on foot. The florist testified that the flowers as ordered had been sent; the messenger boy who took the pillow swore he had delivered it as directed and the ticket of the messenger was produced as Exhibit A from the office. The ticket was receipted by Bridget Casey, but on inspection it was found addressed to Mrs. Blank, No. 99 East —— street, when it should have been No. 99 West —— street. Further inquiry showed that the Bridget Casey was an aged caretaker at No. 99 East, and that the day the pillow was delivered to her was her birthday, so that the flowers with the "At Rest" she received as a delicate compliment from an unknown friend.

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"Can you inform me, Mr. Constable," said a pale-faced and blond young man with hayseed in his hair and a gripsack in one hand, "how far is it from Third avenue to the Bowery at Eighth street, as I have an engagement with a gentleman at 3 o'clock, at the corner of Riverside avenue and the Bowery, and I have been twice across town from the North to the East River, at Fourteenth street, without being able to find the Bowery. Can it be a fact that it is indeed a mythical thoroughfare—a metropolitan Styx, a Gothamite Corso on paper?"

The policeman said he was a stranger in town himself. He had been appointed only on probation.

"A stranger in town?" said the young man. "How amazingly grotesque! I am here from Liberty Corners myself—just off the cars—and now that I know you, Mr. Constable, I don't mind telling you that the object of my visit to this great, wicked city is to write up its dark side, its pitfalls and shadows. I have been engaged by one of the magazines to write up New York—I did some of the advance sheets in the country. Afterward I am going to write a syndicate article for the newspapers on 'The Problems of Municipal Administration.' I expect before leaving to go on a slumming tour of Madison avenue, to visit the Bowery on a Saturday night when the drovers' market is open, to get a pass from either Crosse or Blackwell to visit their island in the lower bay, to see if I can recognize John D. Crimmins on the front platform of one of the Eighth avenue cable cars and to attend the next hanging in the Tombs. New York has never been thoroughly written up. It ought to be, and the salient things about it pointed out. Take a car to get to the Bowery? Not much! They don't stop. I'll wait till the stage coach comes along. There's one now."

And he hailed the Black Maria of the Department of Charities and Correction.

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Happening across (as is the current expression for seeking out patiently and persistently an elusive individual, an old actor of the "high legitimate" school, I was surprised to observe his natty, jaunty, debonnair appearance, the fashionable cut of his clothes, the radiant brightness of his silk hat and the fresh, morning-dew bloom of the violet boutonniere in the left lapel of his frock coat. I marvelled at such visible evidences of prosperity in a thespian who when I saw him last was bemoaning the decadence of the drama, the intrusion of money-grabbers on the boards, the speculative tendencies of modern managers, the neglect of standard and classical plays, the indifference of the public to old, established favorites (like himself), and the receding into the realms of misty memory of the "palmy days."

"How comes it," I ventured, diplomatically, "that you are at lunch hour more than a block away from the nearest free lunch counter? To what is to be attributed the dramatic revival indicated by your improved appearance?"

He answered as follows: "The explanation is simple. There is no longer any money in acting for an old actor of the legitimate school. I am and have been for some months boarding at a hotel, the proprietor of which is being prosecuted by the police, on the ground that it is a resort for disorderly persons. Now my 'lay' is boarding there free. We are witnesses to the good character of the house. We read, recite, rehearse our Shakespeare, Sheridan, Colman, Goldsmith and Massinger, and, of course, we need a quiet place. I get, in consequence of my convincing and substantial appearance, $10 a week, board and clothes, but old Joe—who, you remember, played so superbly in "Speed the Plough"—is working for board and clothes only, and old Dick—who was the original Bullfinch in the United States—gets only his board and laundry—no clothes. You see, they lack distinction. They have both played in Pittsburg and Providence, and besides both are members of the Actors' Fund."

Then my pleasant-faced friend, while still deploring the decadence of the drama, lighted a cigar which he had bought himself.